

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIII. No. 1.]

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

[JANUARY, 1872.



HEARTY SINGING.

CHILDREN, do you not love to look at this sweet picture? "Let us praise the Lord!" the minister said, and the children are now doing just what he wished. "Who shall sing, if not the children?" the Sunday-school song asks us, and nobody can answer, for we all believe that no one ought to sing more than children.

But I have seen children who did not sing, at least in church. I think the children in the picture are singing in church, and they are put here, at the be-

ginning of the new volume, as an example for all those who read our paper to follow. Let us begin the year 1872 with songs of praise to our good Father in Heaven, and keep it up all the twelve months.

We may use the first verse of Bishop Eastburn's hymn, which he calls a "Prayer for the New Year:"—

Lord! who, o'erlooking sin and sin,
Still lengthenest out our days,
Let us this new-born year begin
With love, and prayer, and praise!

HOW ANNIE CARTER BECAME A GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY CHARLOTTE GREY.



THE hour for Sunday-school had come in the pleasant country church, and now was nearly gone. To the group of happy little girls, gathered around their teacher, Miss Harris explained the lesson about the Good Samaritan. To-day the familiar story seemed to have a new interest for them, and their eyes brightened as they

listened to the account of the kindness of the noble traveller to the stranger, and wondered why they had never thought it so beautiful before. As the bell gave the signal for closing school, and Miss Harris finished her story, she said, "Won't each of my little girls be a good Samaritan this week?"

One of the class to whom this question was addressed was Annie Carter, and as she walked slowly home, she asked herself how she could please her teacher by living her lesson. She hardly knew how to begin; certainly there were no wounded men waiting to be healed. Indeed, she had never heard of any robbers in their quiet village, and the more she looked down the pleasant road and away to the hills just putting on their gay autumn colors, and as she listened to the twitter of a bird or chirp of a cricket, — sounds quite unlike the groans of a dying man, — she decided that could not be the place for a Good Samaritan.

Annie had no mother, and often, instead of going to her father with her troubles, she would think them over to herself, in hope of finding some way out of her difficulties. So on this Sunday afternoon, when tired of reading, as she sat watching the cows come home and the chickens go to roost, the same subject came back again. Annie's father had told her of John Howard, that great and good man, who spent his time and money in visiting the London prisons, and ministering to the wants of those confined there; she had heard, too, of Florence Nightingale, called the Angel of the Hospital, from her being ever present to relieve the sufferings of the wounded soldiers. These, she thought, were the examples she ought to imitate. Grown-up people, it seemed, were the ones to do good deeds, not little girls like her.

She jumped up bright and early on Monday morning, for many things were to be done on that day — dolls to be dressed, her playhouse to be put in order — and no housekeeper, rising with the burden of a new week's work before her, could feel more important than did our little Annie; yet even thus early her lesson of the day before came to her mind, and in her morning prayer, she asked that her Heavenly Father would teach her how to be a Good Samaritan.

All through the day she played and thought, ran on errands for Katie, and thought again, but still the light did not come. In the afternoon as she sat out under the trees, surrounded by her dolls, she stopped

playing to watch a figure coming slowly up the road. No, she could not be mistaken, it surely was Aunt Eunice; and Annie wished she could run away, so that she might not speak to her.

Now Aunt Eunice was an old Indian woman, who lived alone in a hut not far away; she was known to be cross, disagreeable, and by no means attractive to little girls. At this time she was returning from one of her occasional trips to a distant town, where she went to sell the baskets which she made at home. Both her hands were filled with bundles, while over her shoulder was hung a large bag, that caused the poor woman to bend beneath its weight, until just as she reached the top of the hill she sank down, as if unable to take another step. At this sight Annie's heart softened, and to show her pity for the poor traveller, who, she thought, must be faint from her long walk, she hurried to the house for four of Katie's best ginger-snaps, and creeping softly up behind the Indian woman, dropped them in her lap and ran off again. At a little distance Annie saw her cakes caught up and eaten, and as the last one disappeared Aunt Eunice turned towards her and said, "Thank you, miss: if it hadn't been for this bite, seems to me I never could have got home." On hearing these pleasant words Annie ventured a little nearer, and seeing the many bundles lying around, she thought came to her, that she might help the old woman carry her burden to her home. It was quite an effort to offer her aid, but when they were fairly started, Annie, trotting along with her arms full, and sometimes saying a word, really enjoyed it, and the thanks she received at her journey's end, fully repaid her for all the sacrifice she had made.

Before Annie slept that night, she decided that to-morrow she must go to her father with her trouble, and ask him how she could be a Good Samaritan, for now another day had passed, and still she seemed no nearer learning how herself. Yet Annie's dreams were sweet, for in the darkness an angel seemed to come and stand beside her, bearing in her hand a crown upon which was written, "Annie Carter, the Good Samaritan." But Annie shrank back; there must be some mistake, it couldn't be for her; she had done nothing to deserve that name. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," the angel said, and was gone.

It was only a dream, but Annie was happy now, for she understood the way.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

CROSS AND CROWN.



BOTH are on the new heading of our paper — put there that we may remember them always. Even children have each a cross to bear, but they may have a crown to wear a great deal longer than the cross can last, for the Bible says, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." This world is beautiful, and we ought all to be happy, and able to enjoy God's good gifts here; and we ought to do it in such a way that we may enjoy that happier and more beautiful world hereafter. Then only shall we be really happy.

There is a hymn that sweetly tells of the Cross and Crown. It is printed in this paper to help you remember it.

REMEMBER "The New Year," which is our National Family Almanac for 1872, ought to be owned by each of our readers. Price, 20 cents. Full of pictures.

WAS IT A LIE?



YOU may judge for yourself. It was in this way.

Irene and Gertrude were sent by their mamma to aunt Susan's on an errand, and mamma had said, "Don't ask to have Bessie come home with you." For it was a way of these girls to bring their cousin Bessie back with them whenever they went to the old square house on the hill, where she lived with ever so many brothers and sisters.

Bessie was a dear girl, and everybody loved her; but on this particular afternoon the little girls' mamma was very busy, and she wanted them to look after the baby on their return, instead of running off to the attic to play with dolls.

Aunt Susan — poor, careworn woman — was very busy too, and she could not well spare Bessie, for there was a baby at her home too; so it was right all around. Was it, though?

Irene "did the errand," as the children used to say, and then, O, how she did dislike to part with Bessie!

"I wish Bessie could go home with us, don't you, Gertrude?" she asked, looking anxiously at aunt Susan.



"Yes, I do wish she could," echoed Gertrude.

"Can't I go, ma?" asked Bessie.

Aunt Susan looked more tired and careworn than ever, as the thought of the stout men from the farm, and the hearty men from the shop, and the boys from school, coming in presently, all of them with appetites like wolves; of sick Gordon, of the long web in the loom, and the baby just ready to wake: but she looked at the three children — who were waiting for her decision with such anxious faces you would have thought all their happiness in life depended on it — and her gentle mother-heart reproached itself for selfishness.

"You may go, Bessie," she said.

But all the way home Irene's sensitive conscience reproved her for acting contrary to her mother's wishes, so that she was not happy even with darling cousin Bessie at her side.

Irene's mamma looked a little surprised, but she spoke pleasantly to Bessie, and allowed the little girls to go to their play among the old spinning-wheels, and train-band caps and belts, and boxes of dresses, piles of disabled umbrellas, and antiquated cooking utensils, stowed away under the rafters of the sloping roof. A most fascinating playroom was that.

But Irene was not happy. Yet when her mamma asked, "Did you invite Bessie to come with you?" they both said, "No, ma, we didn't. She came without our asking her."

Irene said to herself, "I have not told a lie," but somehow she felt in her heart as though she had. What do you think about it?

UNA LOCKE.

TWO WORDS.

THERE are two words, dear children,
That properly used
Will make you true heroes;
But crossed, and abused,
Will warp your whole natures:
Then watch well your tongue,
And say *yes* to the right,
And *no* to the wrong.

When tempters plead with you,
And ask you to take
A cigar, or some liquor,
And say it will make
A man of you, answer them
Firmly, and say
Your *no* so 'twill frighten
The rascals away.

When brothers plead with you
To relieve their distress,
Be ready and willing
To answer them *yes*.
Now don't get them *crossed*,
And say *no* to that call,
And *yes* to the patrons
Of old alcohol.

There are many grown people
Who make this mistake,
And I pray you, take care,
For your own honor's sake.
And half the world's sorrow,
And folly, and woe,
Comes from using a *yes*,
In the place of a *no*.

Young People's Helper.

WHAT A SIGHT!



THIS is a picture of a little boy named Harry. He was very much like other boys, and wanted people to admire him. This is not wrong, is it? No, every man and woman, every boy and girl, ought to desire to have people think well of him, and ought to behave so well that they cannot do otherwise. But Harry wished to be admired for his fine clothes, rather than for his good actions.

When he was seven years old his nurse made him a present of a military uniform. He had a wooden sword by his side, and epaulettes made of melon-seeds and gilt paper on his shoulders. The uniform was given as a reward for learning to write. Harry was very proud of it, and, with other boys, he marched about the village park in fine spirits. He thought people admired him, and he was proud; but he was mistaken, — they only admired his clothes.

Some time after this Harry was to attend a celebration, and his nurse dressed him very carefully with fine trousers, and a blue jacket with more bright buttons on it than Harry could count. When he had these fine things on he made a misstep, and fell head foremost into a puddle in the barnyard! The picture shows us how he looked when he came out of the puddle. He said he was not proud any longer.

He had to go to the celebration in plainer clothes, and I think he never forgot the lesson.

I like little boys and big ones to dress neatly and well, but we must remember that a good coat may cover a bad boy's back, and that under a rough coat we may sometimes find a warm and loving heart.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM is an interesting city. This picture of it is taken from Dr. Crosby's Life of Jesus. The Doctor has been there, and says that the scenery about the little city is very beautiful. I am sure you would like to go there too. It is on a hill only six miles south of Jerusalem, surrounded with green hillslopes and quiet valleys. In one valley, to the north, is the tomb of Rachel. Just west is the plain where Ruth was seen gleaning among the reapers of Boaz. David was Ruth's great-grandson, tended his father's sheep there, and perhaps made the rocks echo the sound of his voice and harp.

Other events of interest are connected with Beth-

actions of people. If we say to you, "It is wrong to make a noise in the presence of others who wish for quiet," you have power over your feet, and can command them to move softly about the room.

This is what I wish you especially to understand, — how different God has made you from a mere machine, when He gives you such control over the acts of your life.

FANFAN.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

WE found Willie Brent a very talkative little fellow. He had much to say about whatever he saw or heard.

We had been with him but a few days, when the menagerie came to town. Willie was almost beside himself with excitement.

"O, papa, can I go?" was the one great question, until assured, if possible, papa would take him to see the wonders of the animal kingdom.

It was Saturday, and we expected to hear little else the next morning but a recital of what Willie

THE UNCLEAN BIRD.



THAT bird was it which the children of Israel were not permitted to eat?

It is a pretty creature, about the size of a pigeon, with black and white bars on a fawn-colored ground, upon its back and wings, and a beautiful fan-shaped crest, tipped with white and black.

To the ancient heathen it was a mystic bird. Their rods of divination were carved at the summit in the form of this bird's head. The creature goes by two names. One of these is applied to it because of the cry that it makes when sitting by its nest or flitting after its insect prey. The bird has an ingenious way of catching worms, by tapping on the ground near the holes, and seizing the victims as they come up to see who is there, and what is the matter.



BETHLEHEM.

lehem, and I wish you would write to the Editor about those you can remember.

The name means "the house of bread," and it is almost wholly associated with memories of peace. It was the birthplace of the Prince of Peace — the Bread of Life, who was the subject of the prophecy in Micah, the fifth chapter and second verse.

How I should delight to go there!

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.



INDIA rubber shoes were on the chairs in the Mercantile Library to keep them from shuffling noisily about, and disturbing the people who were reading.

Why did I think of you, little children, the moment I saw the funny shoes? Do you know? It was because I have so often noticed how thoughtless the young folks are when those near them are reading, or conversing; how they move

uneasily from point to point, stamping or dragging their feet after them with a great racket, and forgetting altogether the beauty of a quiet, gentle behavior. Now the chairs are but dumb, senseless wood. It is necessary to muffle their feet. We cannot appeal to the heart and will, which may govern the

had seen and heard. But in this we were mistaken. Sabbath morning showed us Willie quietly preparing for Sabbath-school, without one word of the previous day's entertainment.

Thinking to please the little fellow, we asked, "Well, my son, did you have a pleasant time yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the respectful reply, "but I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. 'Tis the Sabbath to-day."

Almost conscience-stricken, we watched the boy through the day. Although ready to speak of the Sabbath-school, its lessons, books, etc., or any subject connected with the proper occupation of the day, yet no allusion was made to any week-day amusement or employment. We wondered and waited until Monday morning, which brought a multitude of questions and remarks, assuring us that Willie Brent was not wanting in interest respecting that Saturday's enjoyment; but that some deeper motive restrained his usually busy tongue until the proper time to speak of such things. Shall not this child's conscientious observance of the Sabbath put to shame many professing Christians for allowing worldly conversation and employment to encroach upon holy time?

L. L. W.

To bed, to bed, my curly head,
To bed, and sleep, so sweetly;
Merry and bright, with the morning light,
Be up, and dressed so neatly.

GOOD NIGHT.

"Beautiful, but unclean." That is what is said to have been the ancient estimate of this forbidden flesh.

F. B. S.

CROSS AND CROWN.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. ALLEN.

VERY GOOD ADVICE. — There is a curious Chinese proverb which says, "In a cucumber-field do not stoop to tie your shoe, and under a plum-tree do not wait to settle your cap on your head;" which means, if you do so some one may think you are stealing the cucumbers or the plums. Never forget that the Apostle says, "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

